

molasses cake and those flapjacks take me back 30 years and make life worth living."

On one side of the resort was a high brick wall. Strolling near it one day Thomas caught a tennis ball that came over its top. There were feminine cries of distress. Then a ladder top appeared. Peering over it was a fair, mischievous face, half hidden in a quaint childish sunbonnet.

"Do you see the ball, Mattie?" asked a voice below.

"Here, you, boy," called out the roguish Mattie to the astonished Thomas—"toss that lost ball over here, will you?"

Then Thomas found out that the brick wall enclosed the domain of Mrs. Prof. Gregg, who superintended the "girls' department" of the juvenile rejuvenation system. He got to thinking constantly of Mattie. One day he climbed a tree to view over the fence half a dozen "girls" attired in tasteful tennis dress, with flowing headgear, skipping rope and playing with dolls.

Thomas hovered many a time outside the walls of that feminine paradise. He got to writing poetry. Once he saw "his Mattie" through a barred gate. He flushed like a conscious school-boy. She smiled bewitchingly and waved her pretty, slender hand at him in a girlish, tantalizing way.

"They have a regular party here once a month," a "boy" friend told Thomas next day. "There is music, dancing and a supper."

"Ladies, too?" inquired Thomas hopefully.

"Yes, Mrs. Professor Gregg and her flock. The old life togs for tonight, you know. Very formal and dignified."

Thomas never enjoyed himself as he did at the function announced. There were friendly introductions and a pleasant time all around. Despite the conventionalities, however, ruddy cheeks, the glow of health, gay boy and girl laughter made the affair delightful.

Of course Thomas met Mattie. She was a city stenographer who had taken the cure, to come out bright and vivacious and restored to health.

When Thomas returned to the city he sought her out. He called on her twice, but only had he to tell her his love to win her complete acceptance of his suit.

Returned from a year's tour of Europe, one day Dr. Philetus Derringer chanced to meet Thomas. The latter, smiling, brisk and happy, hailed him with a healthy handshake that made the physician wince.

"It is plain to see that you took the juvenile cure," said the doctor.

"Yes, and won a splendid wife and a comfortable home through it all," declared Thomas. "We live next door to a glorious family with 11 children, and we're all just like kids. Going home now to fly kites for them."

"You have certainly solved the great problem of health and happiness," proclaimed the delighted doctor.